

*Runne from*

# R O M E

O R

*A BREIF TREATISE,*

*Shewing*

*The necessity to forsake that false  
Church, and to cleave onely  
unto Christ.*

---

*Psal. 71. 23.*

*Whome have I in Heaven but thee?  
and there is none upon Earth  
that I desire besides  
thee.*

---

*Printed in the yeare of our Lord,  
M. DC. XL.*

From

R. O. M. H.

OR

THEIR

The receipt to the  
Church, and to the  
more (last).

1871  
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that a

M. D. C. XL  
Printed in the year of our Lord



T H E

*Complaint of a Soule, apprehending the Eternitie of*  
*HELL.*

**F**Or ever never ending my good God,  
Is infinite that knows no period,  
Restles, howling, burning, dying ever,  
So endles is each part, and altogether.  
If after many thousand yeares were past  
These ills should end, there would be  
hope at last;

But this (for ever) teares all consumes,  
An old past age its infancie resumes.  
The fullest mirth it ever doth controule,  
And strikes the silent sad afflicted soule;  
For could a wren by peeces ov'r the main  
Carry the high'st alpes with easeles pain,

A 2

And

And every thousand yeare but one  
could fly,  
Or when an *Ant*. had suckt the *Ocean*  
dry,  
Should be the rearme : this truely hope  
might please  
The damned Soules , that once there  
would be ease,  
But horrid (*Eve*) time and all o're past,  
Abides alone with him thats first and  
last.

---

*A Breife*

AAA

A



*A breife Treatise, shewing the  
necessitie to forsake the false Church,  
and to cleave onely unto Christ.*

**A** Rayling pamphlet I have read,  
In G. M. his name abroad is spread;  
Beginning *Protestant*. bear with mee,  
To alke thee questions two or three.  
VVherein he seemes for to lay out  
Many Sects the world throughour,  
VVhereof the last is *Papistrick*,  
VVhich is the greatest *Heresie*;  
And then he bids the *Protestant* show  
How he the truth from lyes may know.  
VVhich I hereafter meane to prove,  
Because he doth so urge and move,  
That all the world may know full well,  
His Sect it is the way to hell,  
Although that he confesseth Christ  
In word, and be a *Romish Priest*,  
And put on him Church *Catholick*,  
One, holie, and apostolick,  
VVhich he usurps, as shall be knowne,  
As *Herod* did the *Iewish Crowne*.

If he desir'd the truth to know,  
His owne false heards for so forgoe;  
Then the truth might so farre worke,  
To let man see where he doth lurke,  
And how in darknes hee's captivd,  
Although he seeme to be revivd,  
But for this end he would not learne  
How he the true Church may discern,  
But builded blindly on his hopes,  
For the Light he never groapes;  
He sayes converted he will bee,  
If that it be not *Rome* his See.  
Which hath converted all countries,  
And this his mouth is fill'd with lyes.  
And so desires to understand  
What Church it was first tooke in hand  
The true Conversion of all earth,  
As well length as in breadth.  
If this was the Church of *Rome*,  
Then to the *Romish Masse* I'll come.  
But if't was not, I hope that hee,  
Or many more will come to mee.  
Our Saviour his Apostles call'd;  
And with commission them enstall'd,  
Over all the world to go,  
To preach the Gospell, ist not so?  
And this was at *Jerusalem*,

Whereas

Whereas our Saviour planted them,  
But there they had but little rest,  
And so were farre and neere disperst,  
To many Kingdomes then they fled,  
The Faith of Christ abroad was spred,  
To Barbarous Nations many a one,  
To all, and not to *Rome* alone,  
Hath never rested in one place,  
But persecution did it chase:  
See here in this, as all things els,  
How *Rome* would steale & bear the bels,  
And falsly takes the Mother name,  
When as it is but the stepdame,  
And must out of the house be cast,  
With all her Children at the last,  
For sure they must not partners bee  
With the true Children, which are free,  
Though here on Earth they have the  
praise,

God in the end will them disgrace.  
This is the fearefull case of *Rome*.  
More to uncase her now I'll come:  
I pray thee *Papist* patient bee,  
Hearken a while, give eare to mee,  
Be not offended at my stile,  
Though rude I be, I'll use no guile,  
But speake the truth which I doe knowe,

Which in plaine words I mean to show;  
VVhat Church is there by true relation,  
Hath erred in the first foundation,  
And cast away the Corner stone,  
VVill not be sav'd by Christ alone,  
But joyne their workes with Christ Iesu,  
In former times as did the Iew,  
VVhich with their mouth his name con-  
fesse,

And yet doe trust in nothing lesse,  
But in their hearts the Lord deny,  
VVho for to save mens soules did dy;  
And enter not in by the dore,  
But Iesus Christ would step before;  
They say, man is not sav'd by faith,  
According as the Scripture saith,  
And so in blindnesse people lead,  
VVith hope of help when they are dead;  
And call themselves true Catholicks,  
Under that name play many tricks.  
If this be not the Church of *Rome*,  
Then unto your Church I will come.

To prove this true which I have  
sayd,

The time shall not be long delayd.  
You doe affirme, a naturall man  
May doe a good worke, so that than

Its meere that God should him regard,  
And with his grace him to reward;  
The which is Charitie, you say,  
By which he worketh sin away,  
And heaven worthily doth merit,  
Through good intention of his spirit,  
Gods wrath can satisfy for others,  
Both for his sisters and his brothers,  
Redeeme their soules from purgatory,  
VVhich is from Christ derogatory.  
Mens purses you doe dayly robb,  
And lead their soules away from God.  
VVhat Church in all the world doth this .  
But the *Roman Church*, I wis,  
If this be not the Church of *Rome*,  
Then unto your Church I will come.

It hath been well foretold of some,  
That in the latter dayes should come  
False Prophets, clad in sheepish skin,  
And yet are ravening wolves within,  
which would the flock of Christ destroy,  
Christ and true Christians sore annoy.  
These into houses closely creepe,  
Lead people captive fast asleepe,  
Through filthy lucre and bale gaine,  
Doe sell their Soules to have them  
slaine,

A s

VVho

So

Who have fair deeds, & flattering words,  
But in their hearts are cruell swords,  
VWhich peace and safetie still doe preach,  
An easie way to heaven teach,  
Who tell their folke they must beleeve  
As the Church doth the same out-geeve,  
Although they know not what that is,  
And to the truth of Christ they mis;  
In lay mens mouths they put a bridle,  
And say, they must not reade the Bible,  
That ignorance is devotions mother,  
And so the peoples sins they smother,  
For by this meanes they doe deceave,  
And their soules of Christ bereave.

If this be any Church but *Rome*,  
Then to the *Romish Church* I'll come.

Of sacred scripture 't is the rod  
To beate downe man, and set up God,  
The word makes man a sinner vile,  
Through pride he did himselfe defile,  
His loving God he hath forsaken,  
The Devills counsell he hath taken,  
An enemy to God he is,  
And yet poore man he knowes not this,  
But thinks him good & righteous both,  
And for to part with thole is loath,  
Till God doth light his blinded eyes,

And

And then for mercie fast he cries,  
 He much repents him of his sin,  
 Which formerly he lived in;  
 He doth not know how bad he was,  
 Untill he finde himselfe an asse.  
 You doe alleadge the Church is seene  
 To men on Earth by naturall eyne,  
 But nature is corrupt through pride,  
 And reason cannot be the guide,  
 Though Christ our Lord compare it still  
 Unto a citty on a hill,  
 To a candle on a candlestick,  
 And so hath made it Catholick,  
 Yet by wisdome, though profound,  
 This true Church cannot be found,  
 Nor discernd by reasons eye,  
 Nor by learning though most high;  
 The Gospell is a mysterie,  
 Hid from the sight of mortall eye,  
 Which *Rome* would have for to appeare,  
 Unto all men and every where,  
 And sayes it may be still discernd  
 Both of the Laytie and the Learnd.  
 The Church that doth professe the same  
 Each man may know it by the name;  
 Yet none on earth to it can reach  
 But that poore soul whom god doth teach:  
 And

And this you see, your Church of Rome,  
Like naturall man is now become.

Whil't Church was under Tyrants  
hands,

The faith was spread through Heathen  
Lands;

Like unto the fruitfull vines,  
The more its cutt, the more it shines;

So whil't with enimies its oppress,

Christ he is the Churches rest;

The certaine marke it is the Crosse,

To purge the silver from the drosse;

As long as persecution lasted

The faith of Christ it was not blasted,

And all the Churches sure have stood,

While they beleev'd in Christ his blood,

But when they mingled once the same,

With their owne workes it prov'd their  
shame,

And so to ruine they have come,

When from the fountaine they did run,

For when the Church hath any ease,

Then strenght it seeks her selfe to please,

And to procure an other treasure,

Wherein it takes a greater pleasure,

Unto the world then out it lookes,

Allur'd with gould and silver hookes,



And gets possessions in its hands  
 Of fruitfull places in all Lands,  
 And so becomes an arrant whore,  
 Under pretences of the poore.  
 It loves that monster Antichrist,  
 And falls away from *Iesus Christ*.  
 If this be not the Church of *Rome*,  
 Then will I be converted soone.

And yet Religion it must have  
 More closely, for to play the knave,  
 The name of Christ it still must bould,  
 Or else it durst not be so bould,  
 And the Church it must be call'd  
 Catholick, and so install'd;  
 Such and such marks are her song  
 Which to the Church of Christ belong;  
 And thus she hides hypocrisie,  
 With sin and grosse iniquitie.  
 As once the Preists at Salem did,  
 To them the name attributed,  
 And put our Saviour Christ to death,  
 The Churches tytle underneath.  
 But see the sequell of that sin,  
 How God to judgement he came in,  
 How for that execrable deede  
 They came to povertie and neede;

And

And because that they did so,  
 It prov'd their fatall overthrow,  
 And down that glorious Church was cast  
 To the foundation at the last;  
 As other Churches famous once,  
 Are now become but heapes of stones,  
 And turned unto Barbarisme,  
 Idolatrie, and Heathenisme.  
 So shall each Church come to decay  
 That casts the Lord of Life away,  
 And sets up ought now in his steede,  
 To helpe it in the time of neede,  
 Though it be Saint, or yet Angell,  
 An Apostle, or Evangell,  
 Or any Creature elle but Christ,  
 Who is our Saviour and High Preist.  
 If such a false Church be not *Rome*,  
 Then to the Masse with you I'll come.

A Christian soule nothing helpe can  
 But *Iesus Christ*, both God and Man;  
 Nothing can stand in fire and death  
 But Christ our lord, who gave us breath;  
 In his name what we doe require,  
 The Lord will grant us our desire.  
 No other name dare we come in,  
 For the forgiveness of our sin;  
 We must not goe by any other.

But

But *Iesus Christ*, our elder brother,  
 He hath broke the Serpents head,  
 To give us Life when we were dead.  
 To any Creature we dare not go,  
 Least whē we would we should have no.  
 But flesh and blood reveales not this,  
 Therefore the way full many mis;  
 Idola<sup>tie</sup> dwels in mans barr,  
 From which, alas! he would not part;  
 But certainly mans soule to save  
 The Lord to death his bodie gave,  
 His soule a sacrifice for sin,  
 That he for man might heaven win.  
 The which, (for sure its very plaine,)  
 No other way we can attaine.  
 Time was when God was mans cheife-  
 good:

Man sinned, and Gods will withstood.

The devill is now mans onely God,  
 Because he in his path hath trod,  
 And was obedient to his will,  
 Desiring knowledge of good and ill,  
 Which pron'd disastrous to his mind,  
 That evill he would not feele or find,  
 But chuseth good, puts ill away,  
 Of good would make a God most gay;  
 For now mans mind to the world cleave,  
 In

In need of Christ cloathes him with  
Leaves,

His heart it moves this world toward,  
As doth the fire ascend upward,  
And to the creature is as prone  
As every Centor to its owne,  
And in Religion more apt to runne  
To any creature then Gods Sonne;  
The soule imagins God to please,  
Thereby to cover his diseale,  
Invents a forme of serving God,  
That he may throw away his rod,  
Thinks naked Christ cannot him save,  
But he must other helpers have;  
He frames of godlines a fashion,  
That God may take of him compassion;  
The power thereof he doth deny,  
Least sight of sin should make him cry;  
And yet this thing he doth not know,  
Untill the Lord the same doe show,  
And open his most darkned eyes,  
For mercie then the sinner cries;  
All naked then he doth appeare,  
The wrath of God puts him in feare,  
And makes him sue hard for mercie,  
The onely object of his misery.  
See naturall man his cursed race,

How

How little he esteemes Gods grace,  
 How mans proud will from Gods doth  
 go,

Untill God frame it there unto.  
 He bouldly walks the way to hell,  
 His passage he esteemeth well,  
 Till death and judgment him arrest,  
 And of that lake he be possesst.  
 I would you did this mistery know,  
 But in each hart this doth not grow.  
 All have not Faith the Scripture sayes,  
 its rare now in these latter dayes;  
 For sin at length this world shall end,  
 When it is growen to old to mend.  
 Consider this, I all beseech,  
 God give you knowledge of my speech.  
 Thus have I written, as I can,  
 The way and motion of poore man.  
 Beleeve that this is all and some,  
 Then into Christs way we shall come,  
 VVe shall cast off the Church of Rome,  
 VVhich must abide Gods heavie doome;  
 VVhat if the Lord had Rome so grac'd,  
 There his Apostles to have plac'd;  
 And from thence to haue send them out,  
 To preach the word the world through-  
 out;

B

This

This could not prove the Churches fear,  
 For to abide with them as yet,  
 Nor to continue still with them,  
 No more then as Jerusalem.

It hath not had one certaine station,  
 But went from Nation unto Nation,  
 According as our Saviour said,  
 Shake off the dust; be not affraid,  
 But goe from Cittie unto Cittie,  
 And take of other people pittie,  
 For overall you cannot runne,  
 Before the Son of Man doe come;  
 But now this title you would claime  
 Unto your Cittie, ty for shame.

And hang that priviledge on you,  
 VVhich to Christs Church alone is due.  
 VVho are a persecuted flock,  
 On whom you wicked jest and mock,  
 And tearme their Doctrine naught and  
 new,

Because it shewes the Lord Iesu.  
 And thus it was with Christ our Lord,  
 And all that shall his name record;  
 Yet will you steale the name of Christ,  
 And give it to a mortall Preist;  
 Under these names you boast, and can  
 Frame for to rob both God and Man;

For such is mortall mans behaviour,  
 That now he would become a Saviour,  
 And if his will it might take place,  
 Would thrust Christ Iesus out of place.  
 But now your dealings brought to light,  
 Appeares to many peoples sight;  
 And every Christian truely saith,  
 Christ greatest foe the *Romish Faith*,  
 Which dwels in every naturall brest,  
 And makes the ignorant ready prest;  
 For to imbrace that Devilish Sect,  
 And their Saviour to reject,  
 Till better they informed bee,  
 And then away from you they flee.  
 The Gospell cleare sets forth the Lord,  
 And people know him by his word.  
 Good Lord convert the Church of *Rome*,  
 And then an end must shortly come.  
 But if once *Rome* gett head againe,  
 The sheepe of Christ must then be slaine.  
 Which proves them Hereticks to bee,  
 For reade all Stories, you shall see  
 The Church of Christ putt none to  
 death,  
 But weares the Crosse still underneath,  
 Except for treason and Rebellion,  
 And not for conscience of Religion,

As *Rome* hath done since first it grew,  
 The Faith of Christ for to elchew;  
 Yet where their spite hath most beene  
 show'n,

The church of Christ hath larger grow'n.  
 For what a more cruell Se<sup>c</sup>tuarie  
 Was then that bloody monster *Mari*;  
 Yet was the Church more glorious scene  
 In time of that accursed Queene,  
 Then ever since, or yet before  
 It first arriv'd our English shore.  
 The blood of martyrs which is shed  
 Is seed whereof the Church is bred;  
 And so the Lord preserve it can,  
 As he doth the poore Pellican;  
 In wilderness where she doth live,  
 Her owne hearts blood doth issue give;  
 All tyrants strength cannot it quail,  
 Death and hell gates cannot prevaile;  
 But it shall stand while Sun doth shine,  
 Though men and Devils doe repine.  
 O what a damnable conspiracie,  
 As bad as is their Romish Heresie,  
 Was that most strange Gunpowder plot,  
 Invented by the Roman knot;  
 Which act to passe they would have  
 brought,



The Churches ov'rthrow to have sought,  
 That was their end, but see the shame,  
 They purchase have unto their name;  
 God would not let it take effect,  
 But their pollicie did detect,  
 Made it appeare to all Mens sight,  
 When fire was ready to be light,  
 And did it wondrously disclose,  
 To the confusion of his foes,  
 Deliv' red many thousand free,  
 From tasting of that Tragedie,  
 VVhich they would faine have brought  
 to passe,

For the establishment of their Masse,  
 But God frustrated then their hope  
 And all their privie counsell broke,  
 So many as to Light there came,  
 Were publick spectacles of shame;  
 All are compelled to confesse,  
 It was inhumane wickednesse;  
 All seek to cleare themselv's from shame,  
 By laying it on others name,  
 VVho desperate yonger brothers were,  
 And such as had of God no feare,  
 Had spent their portion wastfully,  
 And so were growen to beggery;  
 But such like men it could not bee,

B ;

VVho

Who had been small abilitie.  
For such a worke could not be done,  
But with a large provision,  
Of money and of gould great store,  
Which is not had amongst the poore,  
Of counsell, witt, and pollicie,  
How this plot might effected bee;  
And this no doubt was long in patching,  
In *Rome* or hell when it was hatching.  
This gave them all a greater blow,  
Then any thing that I doe know,  
And it hath more their silence beene,  
Then any worke that ev'r was seene;  
But now it is almost forgotten,  
As if it never had beene spoken.  
It to their thoughts they doe not take,  
And little use of it we make.  
We have forgotten Gods great love,  
How he delivered his dove.  
And whereas we should praise his name,  
We live secure, and are to blame:  
Wee laugh, wee sport, and wantons are,  
In stead of thankfulnes and care.  
How can we prise this our exemption,  
When we forget our Soules redemption,  
And little mind have wee thereof,

But

But when we have it, jest and scone,  
 And those we doe of all best deeme,  
 VVho piety doe least esteeme.  
 VVe rather love to spend our time  
 In merrie people and pastime.  
 Let not the flower of youth passe by us,  
 God for this will not deny us.  
 These Lawfull recreations be,  
 Lets spend our dayes then merrilie,  
 Card, dice, sing, and drinke it out,  
 Our worldly busines goe about,  
 And some small part of ev'ry day  
 VVe'll reed, & sing a Psalm, and pray,  
 Goe to the Church when Sabbath comes,  
 And then leave off our pipes and  
 droms,  
 That day is sett for Gods own use,  
 The rest is ours, for to abuse,  
 And none but a sort of idle braines,  
 The which are called *Puritaines*,  
 But they will come unto our sports,  
 In mightie throngs and great resorts,  
 And daunce, and see us daunce againe,  
 VVhether it freeze, or blow, or raine,  
 They will to us come far and neare,  
 VVith us to sport, and drinke our  
 beere:

VVberher that it be night or day,  
 Its not so good to worke as play.  
 More pleasure it is to doe so  
 Then to a Sermon for to go;  
 Little goodnesse there we gett,  
 But in sadnesse for to sit,  
 And no benefitt there we find,  
 To give content unto our mind;  
 Better any where else to bee;  
 O how the preacher troubleth mee:  
 He tels me of sin, hell, damnation.  
 I doe not like that preaching fashon:  
 I would his mouth were stopt for mee,  
 Or else would preach more easilie.  
 I prefer others him before,  
 There's better preachers many more.  
 An honest man, but no good preacher,  
 I would that we had such a teacher.  
 O! such a one an excellent man,  
 As ever in a pulpit came,  
 Thus curious nature new things likes,  
 To please our fleshly appetites.  
 And thus like *Rome* are we become,  
 Most of us now even all and some.  
 Alas! alas! this is our guise,  
 With the Gospell to wantonise.  
 And wby desire we all excesse.

And swarme thus in voluptuousnesse,  
 But becaule we feele not our sin,  
 To wound our consciences within,  
 We doe not see our wretchednes,  
 Nor know not our ungodlines,  
 But flatter our selves in all our wayes,  
 And would have others us to praise.  
 The word it works not in our harts,  
 Therefore we play such careles parts.  
 But Lord thou keepes thy Children  
 poore

Of thy good grace, and heavenly stores;  
 Blessed are those poore in spirit,  
 For heaven sure they shall inherit;  
 God will quench their hunger and thirst  
 With thy own Son, our Saviour Christ;  
 And well it is thou houlds them low,  
 For by this way they doe thee know.  
 If thou alwayes their mind should fill  
 With peace and plentie at their will,  
 And give to them their hearts delite,  
 With scorne they would thee soone re-  
 quite,

And lifted up, would think them great,  
 VVould goe about to steale thy Seat,  
 Thy loving kindnes would cast off,  
 And at thy gentle dealing scoffe

B s

Thy

Thy name and honour would betray,  
 And from thy mercie turne away.  
 As once we did against thee rife,  
 When thou sers us in Paradise.  
 So those which have this worlds treasure  
 In thee, O Lord I take little pleasure,  
 Except thou keepe them poore within,  
 By the behoulding of their sin,  
 Of pride and infidelitie,  
 Though from grosse sinns they may bee  
 free;

Which yet is hard for to be found,  
 Because grosse sins doe so abound,  
 Amongst the common multitude,  
 VVhich now are grown so bould & rude.  
 These secret sins are they J meane  
 From which the soule cannot be cleane,  
 VVhereon if wee doe set our eye,  
 Sin revives, but we doe dye.  
 The Law of God these sins most find,  
 For naturall power is here stark blind,  
 It may discover natures follie,  
 But not perceive how mans unholy.  
 How vile and wicked in Gods sight,  
 This nature cannot bring to light,  
 Therefore it must discovered bee,  
 By Gods most gracious spirit free.

For

For want whereof, we plainly see  
 VVhat peoples courle and courage bee,  
 The Lye by his talke is known,  
 For by the Fruit the tree is shown,  
 VVhich proves all guiltie for to bee  
 Of Religion and apostacie;  
 Onely the Soule that this perceives  
 Unto the blood of Iesus cleaves;  
 It vaine lewd conversation shuns,  
 Unto the Lord for mercie runs.  
 The Soule which lives not in this sence,  
 Drawes fleshly libertie from hence,  
 Priseth the Gospell for a while,  
 The joy thereof doth make him smile,  
 But when temptation doth befall,  
 Then farewell God, and Christ, and all.  
 VVhen it comes to crosse mans lust,  
 Out of his coast Christ Iesus must.  
 A servant would a service gaine,  
 But is unwilling to take paine.  
 Some wearie growe, and would bee  
 free,  
 VVho faine would merry and idle bee.  
 A Child doth this or that desire,  
 And casts it quickly in the fire.  
 Nature doth one thing soone detest,  
 And in one place long cannot rest.

One thing long it cannot mind,  
 In many things doth pleasure find;  
 Change of garments faine would have,  
 New fashions every day doth crave.  
 For as *Eve* was deceiv'd at first,  
 So man is soone estrang'd from *Christ*,  
 And by the devill drawn away  
 From that one thing to goe astray.  
 Like to the weather and the wind,  
 So fond and fickle is mans mind.  
 This we think should lay man low,  
 When he this thing doth see and know;  
 How ev'ry thing he doth prefer  
 Before the worlds artificer,  
 And how his mind on each thing dwells  
 Rather then God, and nothing els.  
 The worse man sees himselfe to bee,  
 The better he is and more holie.  
 When man thinks of himselfe full well,  
 The nearer sure he is to hell;  
 Hereof we have experiment,  
 How all esteeme their good intent;  
 And all perswaded we doe see  
 Themselvs the best of all to bee.  
 This is our cursed natures thought,  
 With losse of God, man this hath bought.  
 God made man righteous, & him blest,  
 But



But he Gods precepts hath transgress;  
 And he from God is gone away,  
 Now darknes is his clearest day.  
 Who readeth this, may plainly see  
 That this is spoken to him and mee.  
 God hath shutt all in unbeleeffe,  
 That so the poore may have releefe;  
 All are concluded under sin,  
 For all of us have traitours been.  
 If any creature saved bee,  
 It is in *Christ*, by mercie free.  
 Then trouble on Earth, that soule is sure  
 Of man and devill to endure.  
 And no enemy more greater is  
 Then man unto himselfe I wis;  
 His sin it is the cause of all  
 The mis'rie that doth him befall.  
 Gods Law is holy, pure, and just,  
 And man uncleanne, sin, and dust.  
 The Law a rule of righteousness,  
 To manifest mans wickednes,  
 A glasse to open all his sin,  
 To see how ugly he is within.  
 Glorious, powerfull, and perfect,  
 His secret thought for to detect.  
 A prison and tormentour 't is,  
 To show him still he goes amis,

And

And yet no fault at all therein,  
 But in himselfe and in his sin.  
 A Schoole-master to teach him too,  
 That he no good at all can doe.  
 A rod to whip him unto Christ,  
 By faith in him for to be blest;  
 And not a rule wherby to live,  
 That God to him may heaven give.  
 For that Example Christ hath lead,  
 He is our rule who is our head.  
 The Law fulfilled we shall see,  
 If wee to him doe cast our eye.  
 But nature thinks the Law to keepe,  
 And growes secure and fast asleepe;  
 Thinks the worke good which it doth  
 doe,

It hollines doth trust unto.  
 So all is sin, the Scripture saith,  
 Because they are not done in faith.  
 One poor work which frō God proceeds  
 All glorious works it far exceeds.  
 The two Mites which the widow gave,  
 More worth then all the rich-men have,  
 Though theirs doe seeme for to amount,  
 Yet nothing are in Gods account,  
 God doth prefer on little sigh,  
 Before all works, though man so high,

And

And none a good work practise can,  
 But the the beleeving humbled man,  
 Though never so many works mā preach  
 And nothing else at all doe teach,  
 If he lay not this sure foundation,  
 And build thereon his habitation,  
 He may preach and never cease,  
 But never bring man to true peace,  
 He may build him on a mountaine,  
 But not wash him in the Fountaine;  
 He may teach him what thing is good,  
 Yet not to trust in Christ his blood,  
 Which man for sure can never doe,  
 While he hath ought to cleave unto,  
 Till all from man be taken fro,  
 To Jesus Christ he will not goe.  
 Man never doth himselfe deny,  
 Untill to all things he doe dye;  
 In himselfe he still is something,  
 Till hee finde death and want in each  
 thing.

For while that man hath any store,  
 He loves himselfe the Lord before;  
 He likes the Creature, and God he hates,  
 Though he so finely tells and prates,  
 Till he himselfe the worst doe see  
 Of any man on Earth to bee;

He

He neuer prayseth Christ a jot,  
Nor yet for sure he knows him not.  
If any, judged to hell might be,  
In all the world it might be mee,  
If any Soule the Lord will save,  
I am the man whom he will have,  
No mortall Creature hath more neede,  
He that is worst is like to speede.  
For sinners great Christ came to call,  
Who have no righteousness at all,  
They doe depend on him alone,  
VWho other comforters have none,  
VWhen in their trouble they doe lye,  
Compassd about with miserie;  
Hee mercie and compassion hath  
For them against the day of wrath,  
And if that any saved bee,  
It must be that man certainlie.

E N D.

